

Diamond Amongst Coals

by drippingwithsin

Category: Twilight

Genre: Fantasy, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Bella, Sasha

Pairings: Bella/Sasha

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-13 01:28:08

Updated: 2016-04-15 23:33:35

Packaged: 2016-04-27 19:00:32

Rating: M

Chapters: 2

Words: 3,615

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Practically sold to the Queen of Barbarians how will a young Isabella survive this new strange yet brutal world? [femslash]
[AU]

1. Captured

****AN**:** On ao3 this story is in a totally different fandom and has a different pairing but I'm probably going to delete that one soon my heart's just not into the pairing any longer. Anyways tell me who you think Bella is to be married to. It's a choice between ONE of the Amazons, Volturi Queens, Sue, or Sasha. I would say the Denali sisters (Tanya, Irina, Kate) but I want to something different. Oh by the way if they are vampires. they're not going to be Meyer's awful glittery non-fanged ones more like my darling Rice's ones. Well a combination of the two-No glitter, fangs, sun's fine yet a bit uncomfortable, and nearly unlimited strength. If they're wolves-lycan all the way. Though it all depends on who y'all choose...

* * *

><p>Chapter 1

The moon slithered high; but portentous clouds heavily impregnated with snow possessively surrounded and clutched it. Liquid eyes scrutinized them as the carriage creaked its way towards the mountain path as their owner hoped that they'd at least hold off until she reached the final destination.

Wrapped in a heavy blanket, Isabella sat perfectly still with her eyes depressed, daring only now and then to glance at her mother who sat ramrod straight beside her. The carriage creaked and rattled annoyingly and a deep sense of dreaded anticipation settled heavily upon her.

"Will you quit that bloody sulking." Her stepmother's shrill voice admonished.

"Sorry, Mother." Isabella rested her head on a pillow and woefully counted the last days of her freedom. When they arrived at their final destination, she was to be wed, though not abnormal for a girl of her age. The whom, though, is what had taken her-along with a few others-aback. For Princess Isabella Swan a clumsy slip of a young woman with a large heart rumored to be made of gold was to be bonded to a savage.

When her stepmother, Queen Anita, first delivered the news she'd fainted dead away. Only to be brought to by a stinging on each of her cheeks and her mother's nerve grating voice.

"Wake up, wake up, I say."

Her eyes snapped open and immediately Bella cringed at the sight of her stepmother's scowling face merely a breath's way from her own. "Get up, girl. You're a princess not a swooning maiden in a whorehouse."

After she finally gained her bearings her stepmother then went on to explain why. Which unsurprisingly all came down to currency. Lots and lots of gold, jewels, and other shiny objects all for Isabella's hand.

This land, the land they were destined for, was extensive and relatively uninhabited, was circled with unclimbable mountains, except for a bridge in the north, the region was completely isolated. It also contained enough gold and other precious metals to maintain the entire world's population.

However, these the mountain peaks were also home to the most brutal human beings known to man. They were undomesticated barbarians, who killed every stranger they caught. Consequently, only the most audacious and brazen fools came here to mine.

There was a silent agreement with the barbarians of this land and with outsiders. The miners could exploit the ore in the mountain so long as they stayed to themselves and remained within their boundaries. If one should stray though their death would not be swift but slow and drawn out.

Nevertheless, it was one of these inbred incestuous halfwits that her mother decided she should be married to her. Not just a lowly warrior no that was good enough for the princess, Bella was to be married to the Queen of the savages or their Matriarch-a woman. Lucky her; Bella thought bitterly.

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><p>They traveled for days only stopping once every two days to rest the horses and to stretch their own legs. The journey was long and brutal but from what the driver told them was finally coming to a close.<p>

Thank the Gods. Isabella didn't know how much longer she could stand riding alone with her mother without harming the woman. Even riding in this close proximity with nothing to do but peer out of the

nearest window and sleep she still got berated for nonsensical things; such as slouching or sighing or as what she just got scolded for, sulking. Why her dear, sweet, awkward father found the need to marry this banshee was a mystery that raveled the creation of Stonehenge. Even his advisers were a bit puzzled by the union yet he seemed pleased with it.

Ah well, perhaps if she fell asleep once more this trip would go even faster and she'd have better and newer things to worry about. Isabella leaned back and closed her eyes willing herself to slumber.

It was around mid-night when Isabella was jolted awake by loud shouting and the carriage jerking to an halt. Instinctively, she sank back, hand going to the dagger strapped to her thigh and pulled it out.

Hefty footsteps crunched in the leaves nearby followed by low deep voices, pleading, then came the bloodcurdling screams. Isabella jump and opened her mouth only to have a hand cover her it to stifle a cry. Her eyes, wide and wild, darted over and nearly gasped despite the situation when she seen the sheer horror written across her stepmother's face. When their gazes locked, Queen Anita put a finger to her lips. A 'shh' was not needed nor was a sharp command; for silence was their only friend at the moment.

And befriended it Isabella did to the point where she almost forgot how to breathe though her heart headed no such warning and pounded madly within her ear it did little to muffle the sounds coming from just a few paces away from there wagon.

Outside, metal zinged and clashed upon metal as war horses screeched their soul piercing cries. Their hoof beats combining with the other foot falls of soldiers caused a thunderous effect throughout the area, rattling the occupied carriage not to mention the two terrified women inside. Yet it isn't what made the two women shout and clutch at each other for comfort. No, it was the screams. The horrible, spine chilling screams. They sung of victory, agony, and glory as they harmonized together to create an all too familiar twisted melody of war.

The battle went on for what seemed like ages until finally all ceased.

Bella dared not breathe nor move as she waited. For what she did not know but she simply sat there awaiting her no doubt grim fate. Then there it was; footsteps, these though weren't passing by but coming nearer.

Closer and closer they approached.

Thump

Thump..

Thump..

The door was suddenly wrenched open, causing both women to shriek out in terror. They had not a chance to even twitch before harsh hands descended upon them, gasping and fisting their arms then yanking them

out of their measly safe haven and into the night's darkness.

Once they were fully out, though, Isabella's fear seemed to triple in intensity at the sight before her.

Women; dozens of them, tall and rugged, and clothed in various furs were busy with different tasks. Some sat high upon the backs of enormous horses shifting restlessly as they awaited their mistress' orders. Others were raiding the carriages and collecting the horses. Not to mention the twenty or so that were gathered around them, yelling excitedly in a foreign language.

So they knew who attacked them but where were they're men? It was only a second later Bella along with her mother let out a horrified screams as their question was answered for them. Their small army littered the ground, bodies splayed in awkward angles, some groaning in agony; others, long silenced by Hates' tightened grasp.

All fifty of their top guards were gone and in a matter of moments as if all the years of training were nothing. Behind, she heard her stepmother screeching. "What is the meaning of this!?"

"Your matriarch said we could pass through..my daughter...she promised." Queen Anita stated, her voice disemboweled due to being passed around.

"No men." One stated bluntly.

"But..but surely she'll understand-" Bella didn't hear the rest because she was suddenly being jerked about this way and that by multiple hands rough but surprisingly gentle. "Mother!" She screamed out as she was pulled farther and farther away yet due to the numerous chattering women the shout was drown out.

Woman to woman she was passed through the crowd until finally she was pushed into the arms of a giantess. This woman had to be at least six foot tall with broad shoulders, thick biceps, and thighs of steel. Her eminence tanned body was dressed in leathers with no real armor to be found yet seemed impenetrable somehow or perhaps it was just the wild untamed aura she seemed to produce. The long dark hair that fell down over her generous breasts combined with what Bella assumed was dried blood caked onto her neck also added onto the image, not to mention those eyes.

Dark and glinting with something feral they eyed Isabella with such intensity that the girl had to fight the urge to look down just to see if she still was clothed.

A few moments more of scrutiny passed before the giantess finally smirked and begun to drag her away.

"Let me go." The princess thrashed in a fruitless attempt to free herself from her captor's grasp. The woman merely huffed and held on tighter as she led her through the mass of dead bodies and carnage over to another perched high upon a slim chestnut mare. This one, pale with jaw length golden tresses gazed down at the two of them and raked her eyes over Isabella before raising an inquisitive brow.

Looking up to the rider, her captor muttered a couple of foreign

words which Isabella guessed must have been amusing to her somehow because she smirked as her eyes glittered with mirth. A string of more unknown words and they both chuckled.

They exchanged some more words before Bella's captor suddenly pushed her forward toward the horse.

Once close enough the rider reached down and grasped her by the arm before yanking her upward onto the animal where she was immediately situated in front of the blonde haired woman. Once she was sure Isabella was settled, did she click her tongue, encouraging the horse onward. They raced off into the inky darkness. To where the girl hadn't a clue but it looked like she had no choice but to find out.

**TBC... **

2. Meet thy Fate

Chapter 2

They rode onward for what seemed like moon turns through dense forest and brush with nothing breaking the silence save for the pounding of hoofs and the harsh breaths of the animals beneath them. Isabella clutched desperately at a shaggy mane her face beginning to burn a bit do to the bitter nocturnal wind biting at her exposed cheeks. In all of her short life she'd never ridden like this; always she'd been tucked away in a wagon or if she did have permission to have a rare ride it was always done side-saddled. Hence the reason why shortly after beginning their journey she'd nearly bounced off the beast into a brier bush and received a much unappreciated hearty chuckle before strong arms wrapped themselves around her waist.

They were a necessary if she wanted to make it through the night with her body intact and free of hoof prints. Still though she couldn't stop herself from stiffening at the unwelcome contact.

Consequently, however, the tensing of her muscles whilst riding a horse she soon found out was a horrible idea. Her very bones now ached not to mention her behind felt as though it was now rooted out the animal's backbone.

Luckily or unluckily for the brunette, however, the long trek had finally ended just before dawn, when the first days light was just beginning to shine through the trees illuminating a large open clearing. The sight that appeared before them made Isabella's breath hitch.

It was a village filled with numerous huts scattered throughout. They were all built of large dark logs and mud yet seemed sturdy enough to withstand the harshest of winters. But that was not what captured the girl's attention. No, it was the enormous castle looming ahead upon a nearby hilltop. Built of mostly brick and wood it was a far cry from the one Isabella was raised in but a sight to behold nevertheless.

As they made their way through the village towards the castle the atmosphere seemed to take on a solemn one when no people, children or otherwise greeted them. It was just silence an eerie ghostly silence

and Isabella could not help but to wonder where everybody was at?

* * *

><p>Once they arrived at the entrance of the castle, Isabella felt the woman's chest behind her vibrant as she shouted something. And not even a second later the young brunette nearly jolted from the horse's back when a enormous wooden drawbridge slammed onto the ground. The woman kicked the horse onward and they entered the castle grounds.<p>

When they reached the centre, the blonde halted the horse before jumping down and offering a helping hand to which the girl reluctantly accepted. As soon as Isabella's feet touched the ground though her legs gave out and if it was not for the speedy response of her captor she would have surely fell.

She steadied herself and went to thank the other woman but halted when her eyes met red orbs peering at her in something akin to concern. "I uh..thank you."

A nod and she was let go.

The short hair blonde turned her head to a door on the far side of the ground, glanced back at Isabella, then waved a hand to her to follow. "Wait!" Isabella reached out and tugged on the woman's arm. Which she immediately regretted when the blonde whipped around.

Bella let go of the limb as though it was on fire. "Oh, I'm sorry I jus..just want to know where..Where's my mother?"

Eyebrows furrowed as the woman's tilted in a puppy-like way that would have been adorable if she wasn't a man murdering savage. "She eh she come later with others."

"Oh," Isabella let out a relieved breath. She may can not stand the woman but she'd never wish her dead. Plus she was the only other person she'd know here besides this barbarians.

Another nod and the woman turned back to where they where supposingly going to head. "Come now." She called over her shoulder and begun walking again, not even looking to see if she was being followed.

Isabella just stood there a moment dumbly staring at the retreating back before her mind finally caught up to her body. "Wait." She scrambled to catch up, only to stumble and nearly fall once she reached her.

The woman looked behind her and rose her eyebrow in question, making Isabella blush brightly. "Sorry." She smiled sheepishly earning her an eye-roll and a muttered. "Neuklyuzhiy chelovek."

* * *

><p>They entered the walls of the castle with the older woman still in front leading and Isabella merely a step behind. For some reason she felt a sense of safety with her captor and fully took advantage of it by all but hiding behind her as they went farther into the

bowels of the barbarian's domain. Cold and dark, their only source of light was torches aligned on the right side.<p>

It wasn't elaborate or extravagant be any stretch of the imagination but if Isabella was truthful with herself she'd admit it was quite beautiful in a rugged war-like kind of way.

Corridor through corridor the duo walked until finally coming to their destination which was in front of two thick heavy doors.

The room was grand in both design and decor as was most thrown rooms. But this one held a had a certain primal feel to it that made the hairs on the back of Bella's neck stand on end. Pelts of bears and bison were sprawled out onto the stone flooring only leaving slivers of gray here and there. Along the walls heads of different animals jutted out either frozen in snarls or majestically posed as if seeing something in the distance. Their onyx eyes glazed seemed to stare at you accusingly as you passed. All around room, women of all sorts stood and sat near the walls watching the duo with unblinking eyes that had just an ounce more life in them than the taxidermy ones. It was unnerving and frightening like entering the arena filled with great cats and Isabella had to fight ruthlessly with the urge to flee.

In the centre of the room, a woman sat slouched manly on a thrown made up of entirely of bones. To what creatures Isabella did not not but inwardly hoped it was just animals. They approached farther, with each step Bella's heart pounding louder and louder within her ear as the warm glow cast off by a nearby fireplace illuminated the creature before her.

Just like the women Bella met earlier, this one was the very definition of savagery. She was medium sized; tallish and slightly bulky though with little to no fat to be seen. The muscles underneath a layer of lightly tanned skin bulged with every movement and her face, fierce and brutal was a mask of authority enhanced by blood red unworldly eyes that seemed to never blink. Bella gulped down her fear willing her own eyes elsewhere. Which happened to be the rest of the beast before her.

Long and curled the woman's hair was of the lightest of blondes, flowed over her muscular shoulders like liquid white gold contrasting dramatically with the thick ebony pelt draped there. Her body mostly covered in thick animal skins of creatures that the princess could not name but if made to guess, she'd say bear and stag screamed of power and strength. And Isabella hadn't a doubt in her mind that if she wanted to the woman could easily crush her with a mere flick of the wrist.

"Eto moya nevesta?" She spoke her voice, foreign yet smooth to the brunette ears.

"da, "

Crimson eyes raked over Isabella and a blonde brow lifted. "Oha .. ochen' mala."

The other blonde merely nodded in agreement.

Huffing, the woman rose to her feet and begun strode over to the

trembling girl, a long black furred cape swishing as she did so. Once she reached her, the woman loomed over scrutinizing her bride to be with unwavering eyes causing Isabella all sorts of discomfort. Which only became nearly overwhelming when the woman suddenly touched her and made the girl startle.

* * *

><p>Sliding over the human's sides, the woman's chest rumped in approval at the rounded curves she found there hidden underneath a layer of plum fabric and a corset. The girl was young, just filling out fully and readied for birthing. Her breasts were but a handful but would grow with time as would the flaring of her hips.<p>

The warrior queen reached down and took one of the girls hand within her own, marveling at how small hand looked clasped onto her own. So warm yet fragile as finely cut glass. The girl squeaked at every touch and trembled like a beaten dog. Such a dainty little creature. She let go then in a rare playful moment poked the girl in the tummy before declaring. "Mysh, '"

Bella furrowed her brow in confusion as the women around the room burst out into laughter and for the second time since she'd met these women she felt the overwhelming feeling that she was being made fun of. "Mysh?" She repeated wanting to know exactly what that word meant. Which knowing this savages it probably meant something vulgar.

The matriarch smiled broadly, nodded vigorously, then poked Isabella in the stomach once again. "Mysh." To which the other women roared out in laughter.

Having had enough of being the blunt of their jokes, Isabella narrowed her eyes and scowled before in a show of bravery pointed the woman back sharply, wincing a bit when it felt as though she did so to a brick wall. "You," She poked again. "mysh."

The room suddenly went deathly quiet and Bella's eyes widened as she realized what she'd just did. But it was too late far too late and she The older woman stared at the girl for a bit before lowering her gaze down to the tiny finger pressed against her chest, then once again looked back up at the girl with something unknown flaring in her eyes. Isabella visibly gulped. Oh Gods, what had she done?

TBC...

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><p>AN: Shorter than I normally do but smh better than nothing. As you can see Sasha was the chosen winner. Here's the translations as done by the google. They're written in the English alphabet because I thought it would be easy for you all to pronounce. 1.) neuklyuzhiy chelovek- clumsy human 2.) eto moya nevesta?- Is this my bride? 3.) da- yes 4.) oha ochen' mala- she is very small. 5.) mysh-mouse- If these are wrong blame the google not me.

End
file.